

JOHN. *mf*
I cannot sleep — half of her heart is mine and half else —

T. C.

JOHN. *f*
where — Where then? That is the riddle, which I must solve or die

T. C.

JOHN. *rall.*
That which she fol-lows That which has power on her!

T. C.

My friend, —

Adagio. Allegro moderato. *mf*
I can-not sleep! How can I pierce the

T. C.

go sleep!